

OBSERVER



CHRISTMAS 1942

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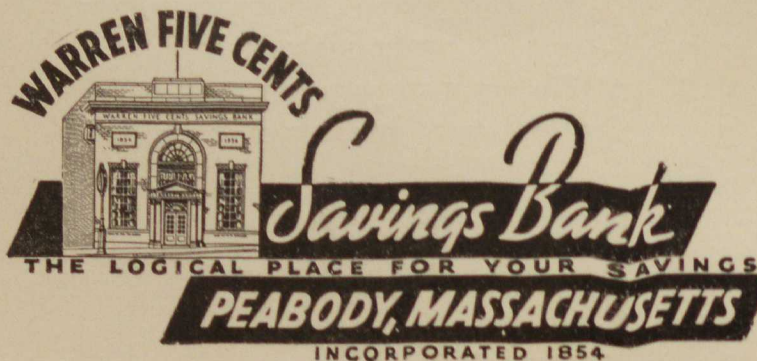
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PEABODY HIGH SCHOOL OBSERVER

Vol. XX

December, 1942

No. 1

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Cover Design drawn by Norrine Whiting '44



HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

Marolyn Welch, '45

A house sits there by the road's curved side
It has been there for many a day
Sheltering close to its heart of love
The tired, the sad and the gay.

Over its welcoming threshold have passed
Tall sons whose laughter and song
Come echoing softly out of the night,
Though singers and song have gone.

Candle light through the frosted glass,
Snow on the still, hard ground;
Tender thoughts of a Child new-born
While heaven and earth resound.

Gladly the Christmas chimes ring out
Their message of hope and cheer —
May the gentle peace of this Holy Night
Be with you throughout the year.

THE GATE

Alice Hardy, '43

The wind howled and tore at her thin skirt plastering it against her shivering little knees, making it difficult for her to run, still the small child stumbled determinedly on in the darkness. The old trees bent low, screaming into her ears, tossing angrily because the winter had crept up on them and stripped them of their sheltering leaves, leaving them bleak and bare, open to the cold jury of the night wind. The frozen ruts of the wagon road tripped her, and made her whimper softly in the dark to the trees. The cold moon high above seemed to laugh at her, throwing shadows about her, and frightening her. But the child ran on, her face white as the moon, her dark hair streaming out behind her.

At a little mound, back from the edge of the road the child stopped abruptly and flung herself down upon it panting and sobbing into the frozen ground. "Oh Granny!" she sobbed, her finger tracing the crude inscription engraved on a rough granite slate at the head of the mound, "my Daddy is coming to you! He's leaving me all alone. First you — now Daddy." Her thin shoulders rose and fell on a deep sob and the tears ran down her thin little cheeks and onto the cold earth. "The doctor told me! He was good to me, the doctor was. He said that Daddy was tired and wanted to go home with you and rest, Granny. Is that right Granny, is Daddy going home and must I stay here, alone? Granny, I'll not cry, I'm a big girl and I'll be brave and when I grow up I'll come and bring you flowers, you and Daddy,

and I won't ever forget to come and talk to you." The child lay for a moment on the mound of earth, her crying through, she lay there as though she gained peace and strength from the old unkept grave. When she finally rose and returned by the road the moon looked more kindly upon her and lighted her way carefully. The trees murmured softly now, whispering their sympathy into her ear.

When she reached the small house all the lights but one had been turned out and the house stood silent; one tiny light shining softly into the bleak night. She swung open the little white gate and slipped quietly up the walk and into the house. Poor old Maria, the cook and nursemaid, stood with the doctor in the hall, the tears flowing softly down her fat black cheeks. She stood with her hands tucked into her apron, weeping shamelessly.

"My poor little orphan child," she sobbed engulfing the stiff little body in her comforting arms, rocking her back and forth, mumbling softly, comfortingly. The little girl backed away and stood looking long at the closed door of her father's room trying, trying hard not to believe that which she already knew. The doctor bent and took one small hand and held it between his own skillful healing hands and said softly, "You're a very brave little girl."

She turned and walked slowly up the stairs, counting them as she went. She climbed into her little bed and watched the game the

moon was playing with the squares on the rug.

"I'll not cry," she said, and turned her face to the wall and her pillow was wet with tears.

* * *

A crowd gathered on the sidewalk to catch a glimpse of the bride. She was a lovely young thing, her face was pale as the moon and her dark hair swept back underneath the folds of her veil. She held tightly to the hand of her young groom as they ran up the path to the little white gate. A strange look crossed her laughing face as they swung open the little gate and she remembered once long ago of opening this same gate — alone. They ran into the house, this time filled with wedding guests. The young man picked her up and carried her over the threshold to the enjoyment of all the laughing guests.

He set her down in the hall before a fat old black woman named Maria who clasped her into her old arms, crying softly. "My little chile, my little chile." The elderly doctor standing beside Maria took her small hands between his own and kissed her pale cheek. "You're the greatest little girl a man ever had," he whispered tenderly. "I cried like an old fool when I walked down the aisle with you and then handed you over to this young scallawag! You take care of her young fellow," he said, laughingly turning to the handsome young man beside her.

"You're the best foster daddy any girl could ever have," the bride whispered into the old doctor's ear.

"And thank you — for just being you!"

The house was full of laughter and the merry voices of guests as a small white figure stole softly through the little white gate and down the old wagon road. The green-clad trees murmured to one another like neighbors calling back and forth from their screened porches on warm summer evenings. The moon shone dimly, making the trees more beautiful than they really were. A young man ran softly down the road after the small white figure, calling her softly by name. At a place off the edge of the road were two small peaceful mounds. The green grass grew around the moss covered headstones almost obscuring the inscriptions.

She took the ribbon from her bridal bouquet and divided the flowers solemnly into two parts, laying them tenderly, upon the two graves.

"I told you I'd come, Grannv. remember?" she whispered. Her young husband knelt beside her and took her hand in his.

"Today," she said to the other headstone. "is my wedding day, Daddy! Remember how we used to talk about it? You were going to get your cutaway out of the trunk to wear, and you were going to supervise the buying of my trousseau, remember, Daddy? The crickets and the wind sounded peaceful and quiet in the stillness.

"I'll not cry," said a voice that was a child's weary voice, and she buried her face in the young man's coat and wept . . . for happiness.

I MAKE A "WALKIE-TALKIE"

A William J. Cody Production

Not really, you know; just in a manner of speaking. What I mean is merely this — the other day I walked around to all the rooms in dear old P. H. S. I looked long and carefully at all the pictures in all the rooms, and now I want to talk about them. No!! To you of course!

Now, fellow students, come with me to 101 for a brisk climb up the famous "Jungfrau," outstanding peak in the Swiss Alps. If this bores you, remain in the same room for a canter across the Venetian "Bridge of Sighs" (now dismantled for its valuable metal).

Move farther north if you wish. In 102 are pictures of such famous English writers as S. Johnson, J. Milton, and W. Shakespeare. You like that study of the bard? Fine, simply fine. Stop in at his birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon (thoughtfully hung in the same room). Perhaps Milton's pictured daughters will be obliging enough to step over and brew you a cup of tea. You can't wait that long? Perhaps that's just as well, too. Beethoven, Mozart and Handel are waiting for you in 107. Why not spend a few moments with them before I whisk you away to 103 and 305?

Ready so soon? Come along now. I want to show you a bit of old Rome, reproductions of the Pantheon and the Colosseum. Can you even imagine being as old as they are? Why not? Oh, I see. It depresses you. Well, this hot Italian sun is giving you a sunburn anyway, so let's be gone. This time I'm taking you to 311 and the Battle of Hastings. There's poor Har-

old with the fatal arrow piercing his brain. Take a good look at that arrow; it certainly changed the course of English History. Almost as much as the event shown here in this picture — John signing the Magna Charta. You're right! That piece of paper even influenced the founding fathers of America, and through them, you — living in A.D. 1942. While you're so near, step into the library for another look at the large sepia reproductions of the Abbey series called "The Quest of the Holy Grail." Yes, I know the originals are in the Boston Public Library. They're highly celebrated and visitors come from all over — All right, all right. You know all that, and I mustn't bore you. Of course not.

Now here we are in 301, and a proud moment in American History — the Surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. Yup, "we did it before, and we'll do it again" — to the Axis this time. Doesn't this train of thought bring you right to the man who did a great deal to preserve personal liberty right here at home? Lincoln! He's right in there, in 205, in a picture titled "Lincoln Studying at the Fireplace." No, he was poor; it's not the oil rationing.

At this time shorthand students may have a few moments to visit in 203 with Robert Gregg, the author of many text books on the subject. Aviation enthusiasts will enjoy the numerous pictures of planes in 207, and the scientists in our midst really should stop at the chemistry room, 302. A very complex chart of atoms is the at-

traction. If you like fish, I mean the exotic kind, the blackboard etchings in biology room, 306, are most colorful. All of you must remember the defense stamp "Minute-Man" in 104.

This concludes the tour. Thank you. Thank you very kindly. Yes,

I know I have done a great service to the assorted humanity here at P. H. S. Ye editor assures me that faculty and students alike will refer wide-eyed, inquisitive freshmen to this article for years to come. They will rise up and call me blessed — maybe.
—W. J.

A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

Alice Hardy, '43

Dear Santa Claus,

It has been a very long time since, with apprehension and excitement, I took up my scrubby pencil and wrote my last Christmas letter to you. Do you remember that letter — demanding that you bring me all those beautiful things I wanted? All the wonderful, childish things which the year round were merely a distant cherished dream suddenly at Christmas time became a beautiful reality within reach of my greedy little hands?

You never disappointed me, dear Santa — never. I can still feel the delicious tremor that went through me as I stood before a fat stocking in the quiet, sleeping house at Christmas dawn. I still remember the delightful thrill as my fingers slid over those enchanting bulges and mysterious curves to the very toe of my stocking.

Then — after that wonderful day was over for another year and I was tucked away into bed, exhausted and happy — childlike, I forgot to thank you.

Yes, it has been a very long time, Santa. You were to me, then, the fat, jolly Saint who slid down my chimney and left me riches and joy. To me Christmas was a day of gifts, of laughing people, of a brightly

lighted tree topped by a golden-haired angel. How very young I was!

And then — that heart-breaking day that everyone remembers. The tragic day that I faced the terrible grown-up knowledge that there was no Santa Claus. I remember how very old and sad I felt. I didn't ever want to grow up if it meant that there was no Santa Claus. It was so incredible that I believe I wept. No dear, fat Santa to bring me happiness? No one to await on Christmas eve? No straining of ears to catch the first tinkle of reindeer's bells?

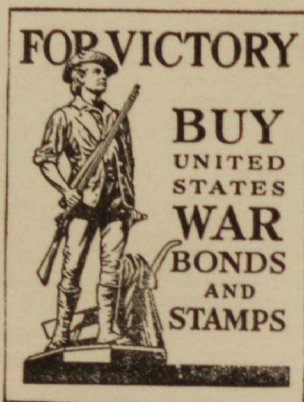
After that, Santa, I never wrote again. It is only now that I realize you really do exist. You live in every heart, deep inside — the spirit of youth living in even the very old. You are youth. You are childhood. . You are hope.

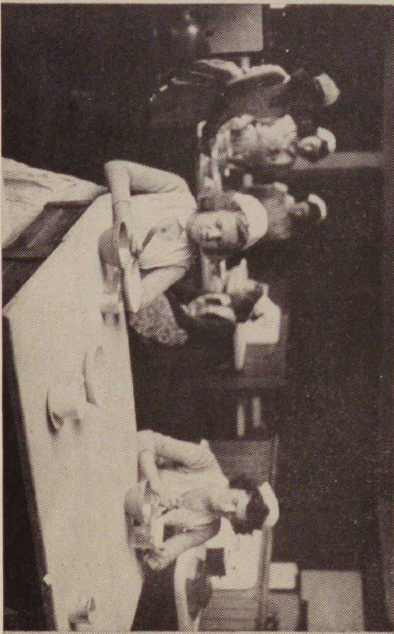
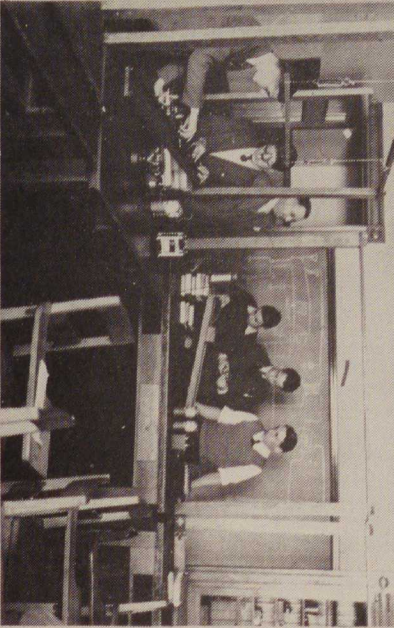
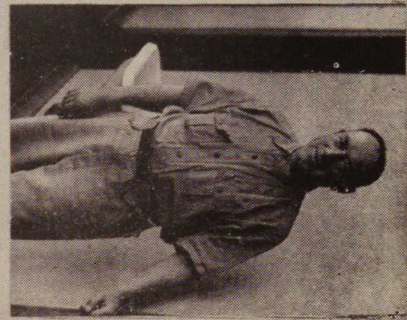
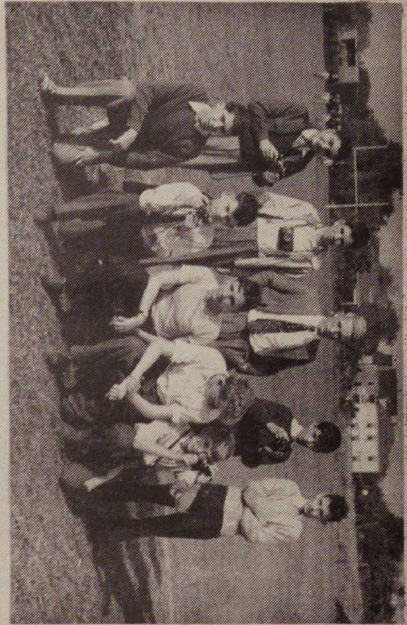
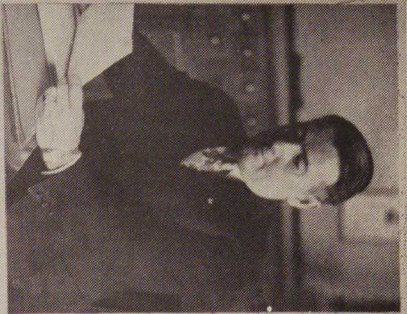
No matter how old we grow you never leave us. You are there to provoke memories, to give us new hope, new faith, new courage whenever we need you. We are not always conscious of your dear presence, but at Christmas every one of us suddenly discovers that you are there, within us. People on streets, on buses, on trains, smile at one another. There is a glow about the very drabest of them.

That is because you are there, in their hearts. Strangers laugh and call greetings of joy and glad tidings to other strangers. And you are there. Friends have a new warmth in their voices as they wish one another a Merry Christmas. You are there warming the very cockles of their hearts. We call it the Christmas spirit, but it is not merely the spirit of good will, it is the spirit of ever-lasting youth.

Christmas is a season of birth, of awakening, and what is more joyous or beautiful than birth? The birth of our Lord, Christ, the birth of good will, of new faith. All this is Christmas.

This year while our boys are away at war, while the whole earth struggles against all the evils of man, you will once again be with us. I know it has been a long time, but now, dear Santa — I thank you.





Top Left: Vice Prim, J. Henry Higgins; Top center, Camera Club; Top right, Janitor, Sidney J. Herd; Lower left, Mr. Henry Sullivan's Laboratory Class; Lower right, Miss O'Keefe's Cooking Class.

POETRY SECTION**'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE NEW YEAR**

Pauline Feldman '44

'Twas the night before New Year, and all through the land
The people were waiting, while quick flowing sand
Went pouring and dancing out toward a New Year
To chase away problems and worry and fear.
Children were sleeping all over the world,
Even in countries where bombs still were hurled.
In Russia they slept in the deepening snow,
In England they rested in shelters just so;
In China and Africa, even in France
The New Year was bringing them all a new chance.
I sit here quite safe in America, thinking,
The moon shining bright, and the stars all a'blinking,
Wondering if there could possibly be
An end to this horror in year '43.
Suddenly, clearly, across the dark night
Tolling of church bells with vigor and might
No alarms, no invasions these church bells foretell
They seemed to say only that all would be well,
That courage would help most to win the great fight —
Then, somehow, it suddenly was a good night.



CHRISTMAS – 1942

Robert E. Sargent, '45

That night so many years gone by
 The world will long remember
 Made glorious by a star on high,
 A single, glowing ember.



It lead the way to a little Child
 Asleep in a dingy manger;
 It shone across the desert wild,
 Beacon of hope to the stranger.

This year gay lights will have no part
 In the Christmas celebration,
 Our light must be within the heart
 To keep us a Christian nation.

This season let our watchword be
 The counsel we know to be right;
 Follow the way of the star to see
 The dawning after the night.

**THE CYCLE**

Marjorie M. Powell, '44

A bright star rises in the west
 As the summer sun sinks low,
 He waits till the birds have sought their rest
 And the star begins to glow.

When twilight goes and the night is nigh,
 He quietly disappears
 In a vapory mist and the wind's soft sigh
 The lady moon appears.

From a reddish sheen to a silver flame
 The water ripples in light,
 Playing its old, eternal game
 Throughout the quiet night.

The east is decked in scarlet lace,
 The pale moon fades away,
 Then with a slow and even pace
 The sun begins his day.

**TWO WOODEN SHOES**

Shirley M. Newton, '44

Two wooden shoes sat on the shelf
 Awaiting the trip next day
 Priscilla did them both herself
 In colors bright and gay
 She sold them at the little store
 Which was across the way
 Her name was painted on the door,
 "Trinkets" — Priscilla Sashay.

A BATTLE WON FOR FREEDOM

Martin Cohen, '46

The dawn broke over the countryside telling the people another day of slavery was in progress. The city, surrounded by a forest now shedding its leaves, was in the northeastern part of France. It was not surprising therefore to hear heavy boots pounding on the cobblestones and then the roar of many rifles. The townspeople heard these shots with a bit of rejoicing mixed with sadness. It meant that France and her people were beginning to fight. Ah, yes, there is no stopping a people who love freedom enough to fight for it.

All this and more revealed itself to the minds of Pierre de Chansonne and his family. They knew the meaning of those shots; families were being robbed of loved ones as theirs had been. Their own son, Jacques, had been shot and left in his own blood.

Heaving a deep sigh, Pierre turned into the house and spoke to his wife, "Contact Mme. Fersaille and ask her to call a meeting at the usual place tonight." His wife turned to carry out his orders, and he started once more to check the plans with his son, Henri, who was fifteen and already had his part to play. Even little Jeanne would aid her mother in this night's effort.

Luck was with them, for clouds passing over the full moon hid them as they stole to the meeting place where their leader addressed them. "Fellow patriots, it is to be tonight. You have had enough time to be fully acquainted with the plan, so we shall proceed. Meet here again tomorrow night for further instructions. That is all." In groups of five and six they left and turned toward their objectives. An hour

later explosions and fierce fires broke out in various parts of the city. For a full five minutes the terrible destruction continued.

Pierre finished his part in the sabotage and went home. Instead of home and family, he found only death and desolation. Nazi officers had chosen their reprisal victims immediately, and still lingered about the scene. Pierre reached a quick decision. He drew his gun and rushed at the officer in charge, killing him and two of his aides before he himself was brought down. A great cloud of blackness overwhelmed him, and his last conscious thought was, "One more dead Nazi brings us a little closer to liberation." He felt a spasm of pain, and then a great peace.

The next day more executions were held, and to the soldiers' dismay the victims boldly shouted, "Vive la France!! Liberty!! Fight, comrades!!" A machine gun cut short their cries, but the air seemed to ring with them. The desire for freedom surged more strongly into the hearts of the brave and gallant Frenchmen. That night the group, reduced to half its number by executions, but still undaunted, put their personal sadness aside and discussed plans for their next mission.

In England a news reporter stated. "Many factories were destroyed today in the northeastern sector of France. Sabotage is believed responsible." How could he know of the sacrifices and the deaths represented by his short statement? Yet, back in that little town in France, new hopes were arising from the blackened ruins about the city.

TWENTY YEARS OF "THE OBSERVER"

Lionel C. Silva '44

Twenty years ago "The Observer" was inaugurated as our literary magazine. Its purpose was explained in the following paragraph taken from the first edition:

"The aim of 'The Observer' is to cultivate a high literary spirit among the students by exercising them in both critical and creative composition. It also serves as a bond between the alumni and their Alma Mater, chronicling their success and telling briefly the important happenings of school life."

Age may turn a man's hair to gray or change the whole appearance of buildings, but years can never change the meaning of this paragraph. Twenty years have

passed since the first edition went to press and down through those years the editors of "The Observer" have sent out edition after edition of the students' own compositions.

The credit for this achievement goes to **you** — student body of Peabody High School of the present and of yesterday and to **you** — teachers of Peabody High School. The staff of the 1942-43 "Observer" wish to continue this high ideal of service. Only through close co-operation can it be done.

In acknowledging our twentieth anniversary we promise that this year's editions will be of the best material we can possibly get and we shall try to make "The Observer" more of the students, for the students, by the students.

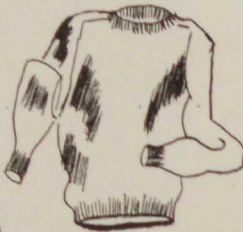


Christmas Wrapping

Long Baby Jacket Suit



Slippy Slip-On



Teddy Bear
Coat

Kiltie Dinnd Dress



Sweater
Dickie



Twisted
Dinnd
Sweater
Blouse



Wool Jersey Shirt



"Rain or
Shine Hat"



Green
'Brain
Bag'



Sterling
Silver
Shoe-
Clips

CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS

Eleanor N. Ames '44

This is the beginning of one of the most vitally important seasons in the history of American fashion designing. At last completely free of the foreign label "bugaboo", authentic, American-styled fashions, are coming into their own. Here are some of the outfits passed by government ruling L-85 and sponsored by leading sources. You're going to like them!

SUITS — Leading a long parade is the Lanz Baby Jacket suit, a smooth-shouldered, sleek-waisted, cutaway jacket affair, with gored skirt and Lanz silvery buttons.

Next, for very best wear, a two-piece, gray, rayon, covert cloth suit, complete with topcoat lined in gray Teddy Bear.

For sports wear, try a new, extra wide wale corduroy "Barracord" with shirred back and huge buttons.

For school, be sure to include a Glen Plaid suit or a plaid skirt with solid colored jacket.

COATS — Lady Chesterfields in black wool with velveteen collar, fly front and vented back are very smart. With this type wear a black velveteen derby.

A reefer with peasant embroidery on the cuffs, pockets and collar is for very best. With it wear a Dutch Hat with matching embroidery.

Last — the extra-popular, Teddy Bear coat, warm enough for the Arctic regions. This is a one-for-all coat, to top sweaters on the campus, or your evening dress for "Dates".

DRESSES — The "Kilti-Dirndl" dress in wool rayon is voted "tops" and loudly cheered in the school-room.. Very plain top, with a white collar and bracelet length sleeves

with white cuffs, and a long torso, knife pleated skirt..

A black, rayon crepe enhanced with sequin embroidered, green leaves and pink roses at the neck. Sunday best.

SKIRTS — Culottes of course are the "comers" in the line of skirts. Try a pair in hound's tooth brown check.

Dirndls are next. Wear one of these made of quilted plaid cotton to cope with fuel shortages.

The all 'round, stitched down "umbrella" skirt in hound's tooth brown check is attractive also.

SWEATERS — This year sweaters almost fit. The classic slip-over takes the lead, of course.

A new discovery is the "Panda" sweater in cardigan style, made of fluffy, long haired rayon.

Exceptionally new is a wool and cotton jersey sweater-blouse with a Peter Pan collar and bracelet length sleeves. This is just made to be tucked inside a dirndl skirt.

EVENING WEAR—A pretty dancing frock for a young girl is a full-skirted, Burgundy and white checked taffeta gown with yoke and ruffle to match, and basque bodice of Burgundy velvet. This lovely gown was a favorite at the fashion show for High School girls held in New York City last September. It was also featured in the September issue of "Mademoiselle".

HATS — The very newest in young hat fashions is the "rain or shine" hat. It is a visor cap with a hood attached that may be buttoned back away from the face in sunny weather or buttoned forward under the chin to protect your locks in rainy weather. Next is the "campus jeep"

in reversible English suede and felt. Velvet derbies or sequined pillbox hats are for best.

"JUST EXTRAS" — Fluffy angora and English Argyle socks are your first "just extras". Wear silver bangle bracelets, six on each arm, waist length pearls are out this year, so wear the small size pearls to set off your sweaters. Carry your books in a large, green "brain bag" slung over your shoulder. Fun for the feet is a pair of sterling silver, monogrammed shoe clips only a little smaller than the Pilgrims wore. For rainy weather wear sab-

ots (Dutch shoes to you). Also for wet days to protect your curls wear a mammoth wool square kerchief with long wool fringe around the border. Even smarter is the coolie hat that keeps the rain off your face. Don't miss the new "jeep pocketbook" fastened onto a pocket or a jacket by a huge safety pin. For those cool days put a lining of gay colored, cotton taffeta in your favorite sweater, and wear the very new sweater dickie — a dickie made of wool yarn to be worn under jackets—looks just like a sweater. Lastly, wear your tresses shorter — much shorter and curlier.



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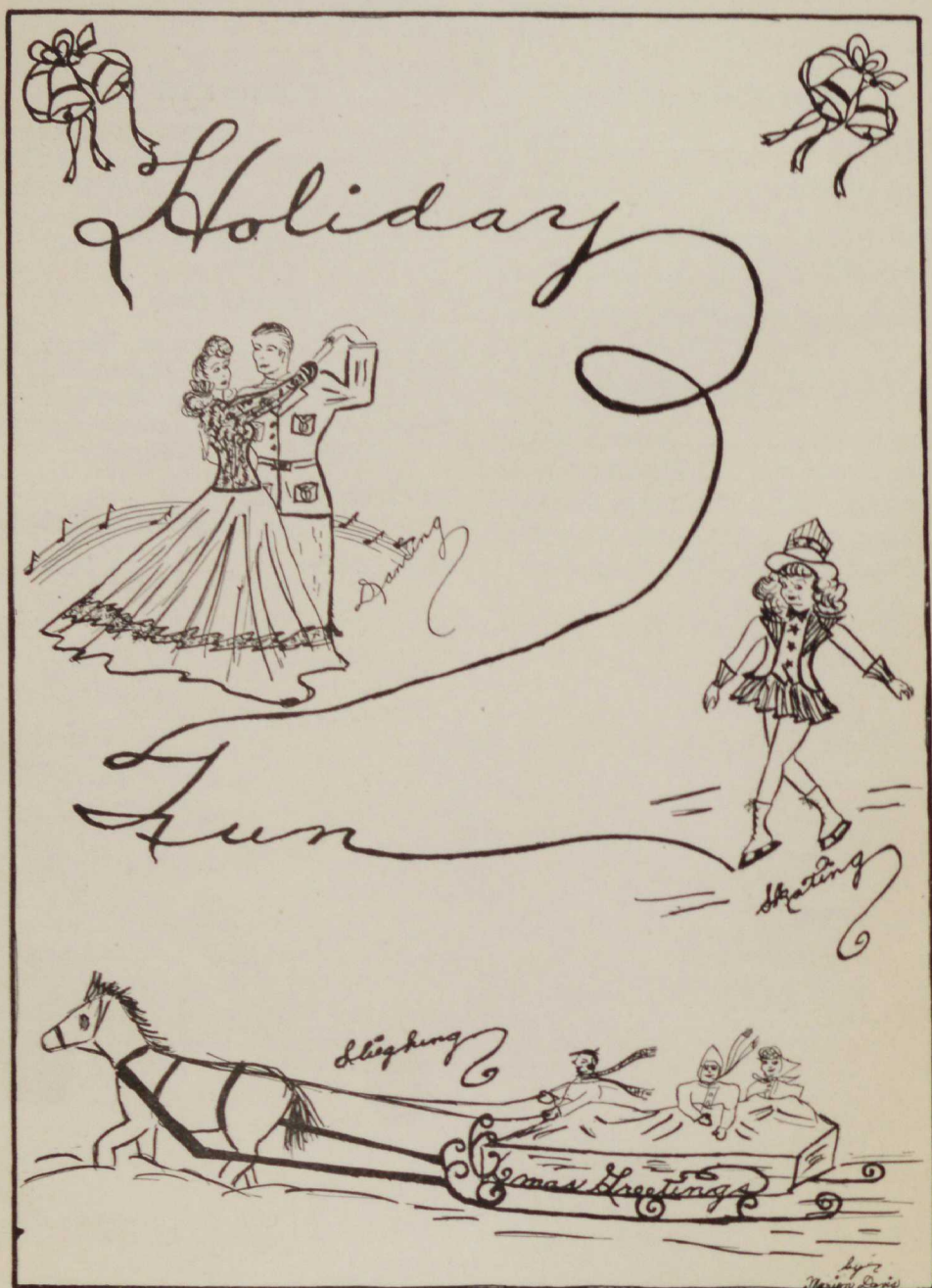
Camera Club

President Harry Ankeles
Vice President Arthur McNiff
Secretary Jack Higson
Treasurer Victor Laties
Adviser—Mr. James Carlin

Spanish Club

President James Marshall
Vice President Claire Menici
Secretary Eleanor Michelazzo
Treasurer Ruth Harris
Adviser—Miss Murphy

Orchestra Leader
Bennett Goldstein
Band Leader Thelma Nyman



SEASON'S GREETINGS

Mildred Alevras, '43

TO THE CLASS OF 1939

It seems that Saul Katzman, popular member of '39, is taking an interest in our town's native industry — leather. He is employed by the Modern Leather Finish Company of Peabody.

Theresa Roltch is going to make someone an excellent secretary. She is taking a business course at Hawthorne Institute, Salem, Mass.

Holy Cross was certainly fortunate to obtain a few of our boys. "Nanny" Bezemes, Tom Alberghini, and Jack Sweeney, all graduates of '39, are making good on the football field. Ask B. C., they know.

TO THE CLASS OF 1940

Valedictorian of the class, Marguerite Welch, is now a Junior at Wellesley College.

Charles Panagopoulos, Salutatorian of the class, is in his Sophomore year at Boston College. His outstanding personality and brain power will carry him through very well.

Congratulations to Preston Abbott who is in the Air Corps, presently stationed in Atlantic City. "Keep 'Em Flying," Preston.

We still have two representatives from the class of '40 at State Teachers College in Salem. Greetings to Benjamin Dandes and Priscilla Hingston.

Michael Argeros is making splendid progress through his Junior year at Boston University.

Sylvia Swartz is enrolled in the School of Practical Arts and Letters at Boston University.

TO THE CLASS OF 1941

We are very proud of Chris Shambos who enlisted in the United States Coast Guard about three months ago.

Priscilla King, Bertha Kowalski, Charlotte Riordan, James Skaliotis, and Fay Stevens, all popular members of this class, are obtaining Business and Cultural Education at Hawthorne Institute in Salem.

Our best wishes to patriotic Gordon Landry who enlisted in Uncle Sam's Navy.

Thomas J. Mullane is now attending Hawthorne Institute at neighboring Salem. We know that he will become an efficient executive.

We always knew Elaine Decoulos was different. She is studying engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Boston. Having completed one year at State Teachers College, she was admitted as a Sophomore at M.I.T.

Miss Marion Leach is now employed by the General Electric in Lynn, Massachusetts. Her engagement to Mr. Jack Dempsey was recently announced.

TO THE CLASS OF 1942

When the '42 graduates of P.H.S. finish their courses at Hawthorne Institute there won't be a

secretary shortage in our country.

Among those enrolled at Hawthorne are: Florence Bulygo, Patricia Keefe of our group of cheerleaders, "Nikki" Slavounos of the Basketball squad, and a large group of grand people including Mary and Eleanor Curran, Eleanor Drivas, Betty Endslow, Blanche Graglia, Victor Havian, Mary Killeen, Edward A. Kozwich, Anna Kravchuk, Collette Laberes, Loretta Lapointe, Theodore Mallas, Miriam Lawrence, Daniel F. Lehan, Anna Linehan, Margaret Mahoney, Helen Marchewka, Shirley Massey, Madeline Meade, Daniel J. Mullane, Ethel O'Leary, Elda Parker, Meredith Peckham, Clara Peters, Mary Pramas, Robert Sanger, Helen Sedlak, Helen Shaw, Priscilla Smyrnis, Francelina Sousa, Stella Stathos, Marie Sweeney, and John Woodbury.

James Eagen, popular member of the commercial class, is employed at the Port of Embarkation in Boston, Mass.

Two more graduates of '42 who have contributed their services to the armed forces are George Manninen and "Scrappy" Houghton. Smooth sailing to both of them.

Irene Karabelas is completing her course in hairdressing at Wilfred Academy, Boston.

Elda Parker is now doing secretarial work at the Standard Hardware Co.

Our only '42 representative at

State Teachers College in Salem is Stavroula Spyropoulos.

John Perkins, Jr., Andrew Lalikos, and James Lalikow are furthering their education at the College of Engineering at Northeastern University. It is not an easy study, boys, and we expect a great deal of you.

Helen Kokoreas and Sally Finicario are in the employ of the Modern Leather. Remember girls, "Leather work is war work."

Florence Grayton, Valedictorian of the class of '42, is enrolled at Burdett College in Lynn. Her precise work here is an example of what she is now doing.

Katina Paganis, Betty Brown, and Phyllis Small are employed by the Boston and Maine Railroad in Boston.

"Dickie" Marrs and Aristotle Vontzalides are furthering their studies at Tufts College.

Betty Aldus, Sophia Asoglou, Bernice Bouchard, Arthur Bravos, Nicholas Cheklas, Edith Dicroce, Prokopos Kaldes, Mary Petkavitch, are all obtaining business education at Burdett College.

The Class of '42 is certainly well represented at Boston College. Among those attending are Lawrence Essember, Richard Greene, James Irving, Alfred Murray, and Vincent Vorel.

Marion Staples, Salutatorian of the class, is now enrolled at the Pennsylvania State College for Women.

THE PIGSKIN PARADE

Lionel Silva, '44

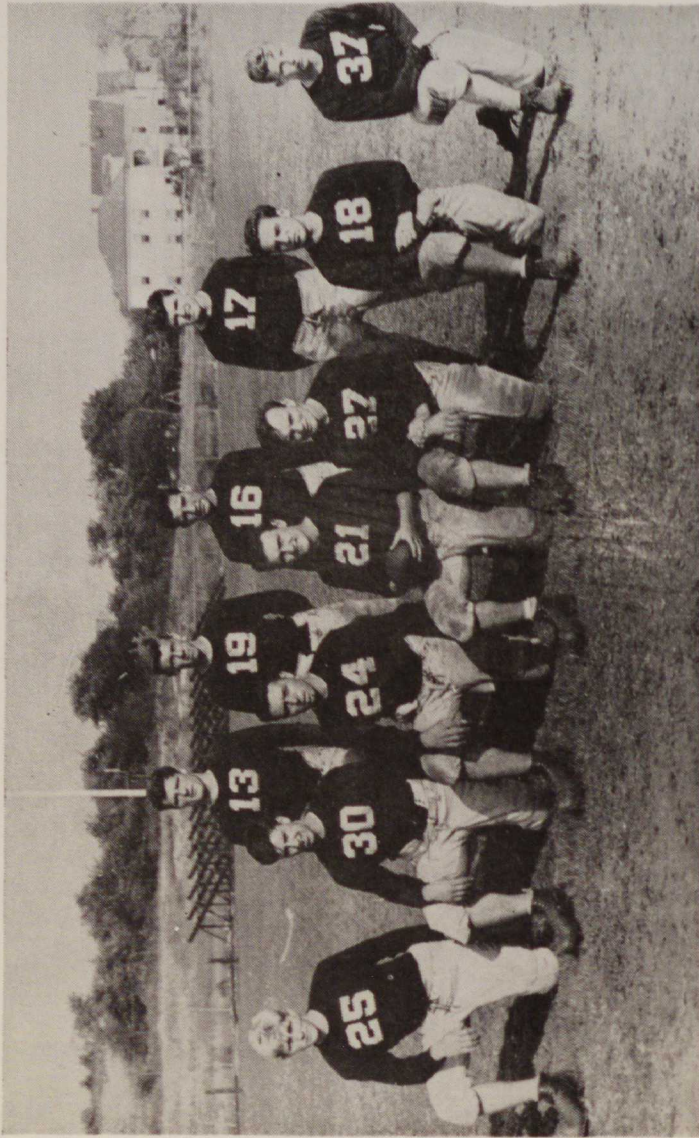
Under the trained eyes of Coach Bill Seeglitz and Assistant Coach Ed Donahue, the selected group of boys who comprise the Peabody High School football squad donned the uniforms of blue and gray and made preparations for the coming season.

Walter Kardenetz, Billy Pappas and Billy Lawrence were the only members of last year's first team who were back this year, but with such well known players as Frankie Pierce, Joe O'Keefe, George Almeida, Tom Nevins and Arnold Murray, there was a general pre-season agreement that the Tanners would live up to their reputation. However, the first game on the schedule, Marblehead, showed that the Tanner's forward wall was a very inexperienced one. On the other hand, Marblehead was slated to win that game because of its power both in the line and in the backfield. Coach George Moriarty's pupils were rated as one of the top teams on the North Shore.

Our own able-bodied Captain Walter Kardenetz was, of course, at center, while to the right of him, at right guard, was Tom Nevins. Right tackle was filled very, very capably by Henry Pelletier who looks more like a nineteen year old P. G. than a fifteen year old sophomore. Billy Lawrence, right end, handled his position with much more style this year. On the other side of the line was Pete Angelakis at left guard. You will remember it was Pete who heaved that long pass into the waiting arms of Bob Craigen in the closing minutes of the clash with the Lowell huskies. That play almost won the game for

us, but Bob tripped and couldn't make the goal. The game ended in a 0-0 tie. John Berger at left tackle switched with George Stevens, both of whom are big and manage themselves well on the football field. Joel Anderson and Joe King also alternated for the left end berth, and it's hard to tell who did a better job. Frankie Pierce, the quarterback, was well on the way to victory when he received a concussion in the Lynn English battle. He spent five days in the J. B. Thomas Hospital as a result. Joe O'Keefe, left half-back, was the spark plug that the Tanners needed at the Beverly game. Joe gave little Henry Sciamanna trouble all afternoon, although at times little Henry ripped down the field like lightning. Peabody held Beverly to a 13 to 13 tie. In this game Kardenetz intercepted a pass and ran 55 yards for a touchdown to tie it up. George Almeida, right half back, even though he was handicapped with injuries, thrilled the fans at Leo Buckley Stadium with his down field running and blocking. Arnold Murray, ramrod of the Tanners, made gaping holes in the enemy line.

It was learned that Arnold wasn't the only man who could run through a solid wall. In the Lynn English scrimmage, Billy Pappas, a guard, took Arnold Murray's place at full back. Arnold, as you know, sustained injuries at the Beverly tilt. Billy literally walked through the Lynnite's line, making at least five yards in every play. He had been carrying the ball through the middle of the line and once again he tried the same



THE FOOTBALL TEAM OF 1942

Bottom Row Left to Right—Joel Anderson, Henry Pelletier, Peter Angelakis, Walter Kardenetz, Tom Nevins, Billy Pappas, Joe King. Second Row Left to Right: Arnold Murray, Bernard Caron, Frank Pierce, Joe O'Keefe.

play, but this time the Lynn boys caught on. Billy saw that there was no chance of getting through, so-o-o-o, he simply used his Geometry and went around the pile of vengeful Lynnnites for the substantial gain of seven yards. It's been nine long years since the Lynn boys of English High had an edge on a Peabody team. That's a record to be proud of, and this year's eleven kept up that record by mangling English 18 to 0.

Both Lynn games were played at Lynn in the beautiful Manning Bowl. Classical, with a fair team, and a couple of smart brothers, McNulty by name, handed the Tanners a whipping of 33 to 0. The records of past years show that very few teams ever scored more than 12 points against the blue and gray. It is this reputation that the boys who wear the colors of the Tanners always strive to maintain. The Peabody boys on that field did their best, but their best wasn't good enough.

Our annual tussle with Salem brings with it a comparing of records also, this year found both teams down in the "dumps" as far as games won were concerned. George Almeida and Arnold Murray were back in uniform, but that didn't mean much, because a "gent" by the name of Lennie Shea from Salem had ideas of his own, much, much different from those of George and Arnold. The one and

only score in the game was made by the Witches. From their own 27 yard line they drove to pay dirt without stopping, and it was the forementioned Lennie Shea who took the ball on all the plays that netted the Witches six points. The Peabody eleven surprised the fans with drives reaching, at times, the Salem 20 yard line only to lose the ball on downs.

Here are the totals:

Marblehead	20	Peabody	0
Revere	7	"	0
Lowell	0	"	0
Lynn English	0	"	18
Lawrence	12	"	0
Beverly	13	"	13
Lynn Classical	33	"	0
Wakefield	6	"	6
Salem	6	"	0

Our hats go off to the managers who worked so diligently to keep the players in top condition. They are: Head Manager John Levasseur, Assistant Manager Richard (Air Raid) Wadden, and Trainer Edward (Corporal) Collins. I want to thank John Levasseur for his valuable assistance in the make up of this column.

It won't be long until our gym floor gets a new coat of wax for the coming basketball season, and yours truly will be on hand to give you the low down on the boys.

Until next edition, it's Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year to you from yours truly.

ALONG THE CORRIDORS

With this issue, St. Nicholas and Christmas will be upon us. "The Observer" wishes you a Christmas complete with all the joys of past Yuledays.

Come on, students, help us make this magazine bigger and better in 1943. Confidentially, we can't continue this venture alone. Submit your ideas to any member of the staff or come around to 210 before or after school.

We hope to continue the custom of awarding prizes for outstanding contributions in each class. Last year's winners of five dollars in defense stamps were:

Martha and Nancy Allen, for the play "The Christmas Miracle".

Catherine Pantazopoulos, for the short story "The Struggle".

Honorable mention to Alice Hardy, for the short story "The Ancient Stone".

Helen Soucy for the article "Native Hawaiian Feast".

Ida Havio, for the essay "Needlework".

War has already come to P. H. S. The traditional lunch time treat is no longer. Reason? Apple turnover and iceberg have gone to war!!!

By the time this edition reaches you, the annual Junior Frolic will have made history. However, we feel that a popular Junior is deserving of much appreciation for the artistry displayed in Junior Frolic posters. Nice work, Mr. Harry Lawrence.

Shortly after vacation come — mid-year examinations. Might be a good idea to start studying now to avoid night before cramming. What becomes of all our good resolutions like these, anyway?

"Oh, how I hate to get up in the morning" is or soon will be the favorite (?) song of popular faculty members:

Lawrence Cuddire — U. S. Army

Edward O'Connor — U. S. Army

Charles Carlin — U. S. Army

Timothy McCarthy — U. S. Navy

D. Edward Gorman — Merchant Marine.

The band has been greatly missed by all this year. Upper classmen claim that the addition of grammar school children is unnecessary. They say in part,

"If our band is to be the Peabody High School Band, no grammar school pupils should be added, for they have four years in the future to play in this organization." Very true, little birds. But why was it necessary to add grammar school youngsters in the first place? Uh huh. Well??

Heartiest best wishes are extended to faculty members Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Dullea who were married on November 7th. Mrs. Dullea is the former Miss Aileen Doody, Commercial teacher in 304.

The annual "Observer" assemblies held on November 20th were a great success. Credit is due Master of Ceremonies Arthur McNiff whose clever introductions were much enjoyed. Speakers included Anne Gilmore, Leo Staid and Neil Wiggin.

We hear that the girls' gym classes have formed an Apparatus Club and a class in physical fitness to be known as "The Commandos."

That's the quota for now, chum; but we'll be back.

N. W.

HOLLY AND MISTLETOE

The Snoopermen are here again to give you the latest news.

Take an example, boys and girls, of a patriotic gesture from **Laura Woods** and **Barbara Lees**. They seem to think riding on the handlebars of a bike is more thrilling than a car ride any day. Could you tell us any more, girls? . . . What would **Arety Alevras** do if she got a "B" in typing? . . . If any of you girls want to learn to whistle, ask **Thelma Emerson**. . . . We've been wondering why **Mary Marrs** has been frequently heard humming, "My Buddy" and doesn't mind anyone's knowing it. . . . Well, it took the **Senior** year to separate the **Millers**. . . . If you want to know anything about photography, **Fred Bresnahan** is a walking encyclopedia on that subject. . . . Why is it that **Richard Young** doesn't comb his hair any more? Is it because he has had a "misunderstanding" with a young lady? . . . We are living in a fast age. Some pupils are so eager to get out of this institute that they take those front steps two and three at a time. . . . **Martin Cohen**, our patriotic student, shows his colors: red—hair, white—baby white skin, blue—eyes. Oh-h-h-h. . . . A handsome giant of blonde dynamite who comes from the direction of 305 is interested in a brunette bombshell from 301. . . . **Lowell, Mass.** is stamped on almost all of the mail received by **Marion Davis**. Is he your cousin too? . . . **Robert S.** and **Connie Q.** are renewing their first grade friendship. . . . Have you noticed the shy glances **C. Tsorvis** casts at **P. Emmet**? Watch—it's interesting. . . . "**Cootsey**" **McClosker** seems to like to go fishing. **Marie McVann** and **Anne Burke** are his latest catches. . . . Hey, **Seniors**, meet the butcher boys: **Frank Amaro**, **Bernie Caron**, and **Mike Gargas**. Watch out for your fingers, boys, we like ours without. . . . It is hard to concentrate, isn't it "**Cookie**" when your heart is somewhere in the "**Pacific**"? . . . Has **Daniel Goldstein** been sitting in on the cooking classes or does his knack for making fudge come naturally? . . . Watch out, everybody. If you see two peanuts running around the corridors like a couple of whirlwinds, you can be sure it's **Cleo** and **Plato**. . . . **Shirley Cantelmo** can't seem to decide whether her heart belongs to a Senior or a Junior. You'd better hurry, Shirley, they'll be in the army soon. . . . **Bernard Caron's** fault is that he has no fault. . . . **June Cameron's** latest interest is "**Sonny**". . . . Meet the future's airplane czars, **Eddie Ingals** and **Peter Gretchenuk**. . . . At last, **Eleanora Michelazzo**, **Emma Ciman**, and **Joan Gatti** have been put in the same classes. . . . **Magdeline Alevras** has gone back to her old name **Mildred**. We wonder why? . . . **Stella Kondon** hasn't a very loud voice but when it came to cheering for B. P. on the football field, she certainly made a lot of noise. . . . For three years **Shirley Dullea** has been coming to school late. And her excuse is that the bus was late. Could be. . . . There was a little boy who had a little curl right in the middle of his forehead. Could that be **James Barriss**? . . . Has working in the library taken any of the shyness out of **Jimmie Donlon**? . . . Meet **Howard Drug Store's** newest soda jerker, **Harry Ankeles**. . . . **George Chase's** life is an open book and **Margy Powell** likes to read out of it. . . .

Who was the Junior who wrote "Don't marry a girl because she looks sensible because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible." Do you believe that? . . . Does **Ray Sawchuk** really say "Have a soda on me?" . . . **Jimmy Argeros** would like the student body as a whole to stop the "hi ya, pres. How goes it," stuff. . . . Did you ever happen to notice **Al Thibedeau** patiently waiting at the end of sixth period? Mary, didn't your mother ever tell you it's not polite to keep people waiting?? . . . What has **Norman Aberle** that the rest of the boys wish they had? . . . These football players certainly thrill the girls. What about it, **Connie Speliotis**? . . . What happened to **Pauline Cooke's** giggles? Has **Nancy King** taken over? . . . **Louise Kelley** is still "True to the Navy". . . . Hail to our Drum Majorette, who didn't have a chance to strut her stuff this year, in her election of Vice-President. . . . Words are failing me, so I guess I'll sign off. Merry Christmas to the faculty and student body. . . .

Joe King: "Mom, if I was invited out to dinner somewhere, should I eat with my fork?"

Mother: "Certainly."

Joe: "You haven't a piece of pie I can practice on, have you Mom?"

Ray King and Bill Cody arguing whether Beethoven or Wagner was the greater composer:

Ray: "Why do you prefer Wagner, Bill?"

Bill: "Because he composed about the only kind of music one can hear above the conversation."

Coming from the movies a Lynnite asked Dotty Doyle:

"Why do you weep over the sorrows of people in whom you have no interest when you go to the movies?"

"I don't know," answered Dotty, "probably for the same reason that

you cheer wildly when a man with whom you are not acquainted slides safely into second base."

Two girls discussing affairs of the heart:

"So Georgie likes you now," Connie said. "I suppose he told you that he used to like me?"

"Well, not exactly," Peggy answered, "but he did confess that he'd done a lot of silly things before he met me."

"I called on Mary last night," said Al, "and I was hardly inside the door before her mother asked me about my intentions."

"That must have been embarrassing," answered his listener.

"Yes, but the worst of it was when Mary called down from upstairs and said:

"That isn't the one, mother.'"

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